

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Why
We Stick to
Manila.

A Washington dispatch, apparently more or less inspired, purports to give the explanation furnished to the President by the Philippine Commission of the futile military movements that have been going on in Luzon for the past eight or nine months. "It seems," says this story, "that both parties to the war in Luzon have found it necessary to hug the railroad country, at a serious disadvantage to themselves."

The criticism most frequently flung in the United States at our plan of campaign is that we do not penetrate further into the island. This has given our operations, even among old soldiers at the War Department, the satirical name of "plenic-exursions," because, as these commentators say, our troops take a ride a few miles by rail, then go off into the country for the day, only to come back again when their food gives out.

The secret of all this lies in the lack of adequate transportation facilities apart from the railroad.

When it is remembered that an army mule in a pack train will carry only an average load of 150 pounds, and that our army is short of mules, the explanation is complete. A soldier's rations in the field weigh, including their packing, between 3½ and 4 pounds a day. Calling it 3½ pounds, we find that one mule can carry only one day's rations for 40 men. For a force of 40,000 men 1,000 mules would be necessary to transport a single day's rations, or, for a period of ten days, 10,000 mules would be necessary. In a large part of the district in which the fighting would be done if the troops got away from the railroad, the roads are said to be of no use for heavy supply trains, and everything practically would have to be done by packing.

The failure of Aguinaldo to lure our troops away from their base of supplies is explained as due to his fear that if he got into any remote part of the country he would be attacked himself by rival Filipino factions.

All this is very interesting and very plausible, but it does not explain everything. If a railroad is so all-important in Philippine warfare, and our only reason for failing to strike into the interior is that we have to keep within reach of rail transportation, why have we left the greater part of the main line of railroad along which we are operating in the hands of the insurgents? Why have we not taken possession of it from end to end, and so secured control of the richest part of the island?

We have not only left Aguinaldo in undisputed possession of most of this railroad, but we have allowed him to keep its northern terminal, although this is a seaport which could be taken at any time by a single war ship.

If campaigning in Luzon is altogether a matter of transportation the cheapest way of carrying it on would seem to be to build more railroads. We could easily build temporary narrow gauge lines, amply sufficient for our purposes, for \$10,000 a mile. The cost of each day of war would build fifty miles of railroad. Twenty days of war would build a thousand miles of railroad, which would penetrate the island in every direction, and not only give our troops access to every corner, but sap the insurrection by offering the natives inducements to work instead of fighting. If we had a statesman in the Governor-General's palace at Manila some steps in this direction would have been taken long ago.

Don't
Cheat the
Teachers.

There is a disgraceful situation in the Brooklyn schools. The teachers have had no pay since June, and some of them are reduced to absolute distress. Some of them have been turned out of their boarding houses because they have been unable to pay their board, and others have been refused credit for meat and groceries.

The trouble grows out of the Ahearn law, which was passed for the benefit of the teachers, but which thus far, in Brooklyn, has had the opposite effect. The law prescribes minimum rates of pay for different periods of service, but certain formalities have to be observed before the new payrolls can be approved, and this work has not yet been accomplished. The result is that the payment of salaries has been suspended and the teachers have to devote their spare time to placating their creditors.

Of course there is always some excuse for such an outrage as this. Every official concerned is able to shift the blame from himself by showing that somebody else is responsible for the delay. But it is a noteworthy fact that it is only the teachers that have these troubles about salaries. This is not an isolated instance, and the hitches by no means began with the Ahearn law. Nor is it only in New York that such things occur. The teachers have often had to go without their salaries as far west as San Francisco, and doubtless they will have the same experience sooner or later in Manila.

You never hear of policemen, or street cleaners, or clerks in the City Hall working without pay. Why are the teachers always sufferers? Can it be because the majority of them have no votes?

Last year the Brooklyn teachers had to hire a lawyer to get their salaries, and pay him ten per cent of the amount recovered. This year that lawyer is chairman of the Law Committee of the Brooklyn School Board, and he has advised the Board not to accept Superintendent Maxwell's proposition to make out a temporary payroll schedule under the old law and let the increases come in on a supplemental roll. Possibly he may see a prospect of more fees; perhaps his action may be entirely disinterested, but in any case the teachers are suffering. The dispute ought to be patched up in some way without any further delay.

Sani-
tariums for
Tubercu-
losis.

In a paper recently read by Dr. George W. Goler before the New York State Medical Association it was shown that more than fifty thousand cases of consumption were always to be found in this State.

And this is an annual record for one State alone. Nobody takes heed of it but the statisticians. We go about our business, eat, drink, travel and converse with consumptives, with only a careless appreciation of the fact that they are walking deaths, dealing out bacilli by the billions every day of their lives.

If there were fifty thousand cases of smallpox in this State annually the country would go wild with rage and remonstrance until the evil was eradicated.

If there should be fifty thousand cases of bubonic plague, yellow fever, or any other disease that mankind cannot walk about under and distribute unknown among his neighbors, the Government itself would step in with all sorts of quarantines and restrictive laws.

But these are cases of consumption which we tolerate, though it is as deadly as cholera and as sure as taxes. We do not fear it because it starts in so easily, and allows you to walk about almost to the day of your death. Nobody worries over it. It is a sort of lotus disease that never deprives its victim entirely of hope.

This State has as yet given absolutely no thought to the suppression of consumption. It is a well-known medical fact that incipient cases are subject to cure.

The State should build at once special sanitariums for the cure of incipient consumptives. As Dr. Goler's paper shows, such institutions offer hope for the future in preventive, curative and educational work in tuberculosis.

Married
Women at a
Dis-
advantage.

From Washington we have received the following letter:

Editor of the New York Journal:

Will you be kind enough to suggest some line of work that is possible for a married woman to engage in? I have a family to support and have been trying for six months to find employment.

I am a college graduate and have been married three years. My husband lost his eyesight a year ago in Brooklyn, since which time I have supported him and my baby on a small sum of money which I had saved.

I tried to get an appointment as teacher, but could not, because I learned typewriting, and tried for a position. Nobody wanted a married woman with a baby. I came to Washington and applied for a Government clerkship. I was told "No married women need apply." What am I to do?

JENNIE E. BARNES.

It seems to be one of the defects of our modern civilization that marriage is made to carry with it penalties such as this.

The Federal departments at Washington are full of idiotic regulations against the employment of married women, no matter what their qualifications may be. Of course there are married women clerks in Washington, but they have the support of Senators, Representatives and Cabinet officers, who seem able to override Government regulations.

Our municipal rule against the employment of married teachers in the public schools was born of minds narrower and more prejudiced than those of the Washington idiots.

In Washington the primary cause was politics. Here in New York we have absolutely no legitimate reason for barring married teachers from the public schools.

We have no word of complaint against our able staff of unmarried teachers. When they are married, should they meet with disaster such as this Washington woman is facing, they will sympathize with her. We are sorry we cannot definitely direct her as to proper employment.

Marriage is not a crime. That the nation may endure and grow mightier as the centuries pass we should encourage it, instead of making foolish rules that tend to restrict it.

GIRLS SHOULD
LEARN TO
COOK.

"My parents want me to learn how to cook," writes a young woman correspondent. "I do not see why I should do so. My mother does not know how to cook and my father is wealthy. What earthly good will it do?"

Wise parents. Foolish girl. A good cook not only does much earthly good, but she lays up treasures above in the way of soothing tempers and banishing indigestion, to both of which a great deal of crime may be attributed.

Good cooking is the foundation stone of good housekeeping, and a good cook is generally a good housekeeper. By all means, as you value your future happiness, learn all about the relative value of time in connection with hard or soft boiled eggs; dwell upon the salient features of good or bad steak; learn to recognize the russet hue of a fine turkey when properly baked and basted; practise the making of the toothsome stuffing and the appetizing sauce.

Do not fail to cultivate a knowledge of pie. There are many tombstones glimmering over the victims of badly cooked pie. Do all this, no matter whether you are worth a million or a penny, and your future husband, though he may also be a millionaire, will not count it as knowledge wasted.

There is probably not a man of wealth in this country who—if his wife knows how to cook—will not point to her accomplishment with pride and gratification.

Even though you are not obliged to put your knowledge to practical use, it will enable you to regulate the shortcomings of incapable servants.

There are many cooking schools in the city. Among them is the New York Cooking School in the United Charities building. There are classes for both poor and rich. Go there and learn how to cook, and thus add your mite toward improving the digestion of the world.

THE POSITION
OF QUEEN
VICTORIA.

Here is a correspondent who has allowed himself to become unnecessarily excited over an unimportant matter:

Editor of the New York Journal:

In your editorial of to-day's Journal you comment on England's aged Queen by saying: "Whatever the outcome of the war in which her empire is now engaged, she may be certain of the sympathy of the civilized world." What grounds have you got for making this assertion? I am sure you do not mean to say that the French and Irish are unenlightened, both of which would be glad of England's downfall, and I am sure that every Irish-American would be glad of the same.

Oct. 24. CLARA-A-GALE.

This gentleman will read again the editorial which has excited his ire he will discover that it spoke of sympathy, not with England, but with the personal distress of England's aged Queen. A Frenchman or an Irishman might wish with all his heart for England's downfall, but still, if he possessed the chivalrous instincts of his race, he could not refuse his sympathy to a woman eighty years old, who abhors war, and who now, at the end of her life, finds herself compelled by her constitutional position as the nominal head of a country in which she reigns but does not govern to give the sanction of her name to a war made for her by others.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THE REPUBLICAN MACHINE, which is asking the public to confide in it in the interest of morality, has given a characteristic example of its high principle in the Twenty-first Assembly District. The Republican candidate for Alderman in that district is Armitage Matthews, one of the coal heavers of the political machine. The Citizens' Union and the Independent Labor party have nominated Mr. Thomas A. Fulton, well known for his work in blocking the Amsterdam avenue and Ramanap roads. When the Independent Labor nominating petitions were in circulation one of them came back, after some twenty voters had signed it, with Mr. Fulton's name scratched out and that of Mr. Matthews substituted. The penalty prescribed by law for this little service to Platt, Quigg and Gruber is from one year to five years' imprisonment. What a pity it is that Platt cannot do time himself for a few of the things his underlings do on his behalf!

"YOU KEEP THE CUP," remarks Sir Henry Irving. "Great oaks from little acorns grow. A 125 guinea cup has grown to be the blue ribbon of the sea." That beats the old alchemists. They thought they could transmute silver into gold, but the boldest of them would have had to confess himself stumped if he had been asked to transmute a silver cup into a blue ribbon.

THE CHEESE TRUST has raised the price of Limberger one cent a pound. Whew!

SOLDIERS OF THE FORTY-SIXTH United States Volunteer Infantry, en route to Manila to fight and die for their country, got off the train at Ogden, Utah, and, without complaining of their exile, began to beg for food. The Alger style of commissariat is still getting in its new work.

A WASHINGTON DISPATCH comes skimming over the wire to the effect that a new use for skim milk has been discovered. It is being made into a white substance resembling oil, which may be used for anything, from shirt collars to poker chips. But this is Washington milk. There are vast possibilities in ebony articles. In the Chicago River mixture, to say nothing of antique bric-a-brac from the Jersey pump variety.

The Journal's Brooklyn Section.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Being a reader of your valuable Journal ever since the change of ownership, beg to state that I have followed its change of improvement ever since.

Your Journal has risen to be one of the best papers in the country.

Your latest addition of a Brooklyn Section is certainly the best improvement you have done to your Sunday edition.

Allow me to congratulate you upon its completeness and superiority of any Journal printed in Manhattan Borough at present or in the past.

Although having three different papers on Sunday, find nothing to equal the Brooklyn Section.

U. JNO. TROTTE.

Brooklyn, October 24, 1899.

ANECDOTES OF OOM PAUL.

A TRUE PICTURE OF
THE BOER PRESIDENT.

By C. Vandewatring, Formerly Private Secretary to Kruger's Cabinet.

WHILE the world is watching the progress of the unequal struggle now going on in South Africa, I assume that your readers may be interested in hearing more of the unique President of the Boer Republic and of other prominent participants in the bloody contest from one who was until recently in close association with him and them.

It has been my good fortune and privilege to know Oom Paul personally and to watch and follow him in his daily life. For three years, from 1885 to 1888, I occupied the position of private secretary to the Executive Council, or Cabinet, of the Republic, and my duties placed me in intimate relations with the entire official force of the Government. Consequently what I have to say will have the virtue of accuracy and genuineness.

The many descriptions and anecdotes recently published concerning President Kruger go far toward giving a correct picture of that remarkable man. Standing fully six feet and an inch in height, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, his stooping shoulders and scraggy beard make it easy to believe that he has already passed his threescore years and ten and now is rounding out his seventy-fifth year.

And yet his massive frame still is that of a Hercules and his physical strength prodigious. An incident in my acquaintance with him well illustrates the propulsive force of the physical man. As is well known, he rarely sets foot outside of his own home without a stout cane with which, as he walks, he thumps vigorously upon the sidewalk with each step.

A few days after the ill-starred Jameson raid and after the capture of the English invaders I was driving with the old gentleman in Pretoria. His anger at the attempted raid still was at its height, and he expressed himself in his usual vigorous fashion as we drove, emphasizing his well-turned periods with successive thumps of his cane upon the bottom of the carriage.

His indignation finally reached a climax, and with a sudden motion of the sturdy arm the cane was raised and banged down with such force that it crashed straight through the solid bottom of the well-built vehicle.

Much has been said of the dress of the man which would give the impression that he is untidy in appearance. The contrary is nearer the truth. I never have seen him in anything but black broadcloth, of the best material, and scrupulously kept, the coat always of the Prince Albert style.

What does give to him an air of grotesqueness, however, is his trousers, which never condescend to reach his ankles, thus exposing a good part of the leg of the old-fashioned high-topped boots which the gentleman always wears.

Besides the ever-accompanying cane of which I have spoken, Oom Paul always is seen with his much-loved pipe. So indefatigable is he in the use of it that it goes with him, in full operation, even to the sittings of the Volksraad. At these sittings he occupies a chair by the side of the presiding officer, a huge cuspider at his elbow.

The smoke curls from the pipe when the owner is not delivering himself of one of his forcible lectures. As he warms up to his work, however, he invariably emphasizes his remarks and directs his words to this or that offending legislator by seizing the pipe by the bowl and wielding the stem as a baton.

Intoxicating liquors he never touches, nor do the Boers, generally. But both he and they are inveterate drinkers of coffee. Nor has he an exalted notion of those who do indulge in alcoholic stimulants.

On the eve of the Jameson raid, which was hourly expected to develop, I was dispatched to the Kruger mansion after midnight to announce



Oom Paul.

to the President the report that the raiders were en route for Pretoria.

I was permitted to stand outside the door of his sleeping room and deliver my message. The gruff query came back: "Well, haven't they men with them?" I replied that it was more than likely, whereupon the interview was cut short with the growl from within: "Go back to bed; they will not disturb us while their men last."

Gruff as Mr. Kruger is in demeanor, his heart is a kindly one and his love of jesting is proverbial. My first interview with him was for the purpose of soliciting the appointment which I afterward obtained. He listened to my own story of myself, paying little heed to my credentials and references, and at length blurted out: "Well, man, come now, are you a good man or a rascal?"

JULIA MARLOWE'S SUCCESS.

ALAN DALE PRAISES HER
NEW WAR PLAY.

THERE is nothing on the New York stage just now that can for one moment compare with the bewitching picture of luminous virginity that is thrown before us by Miss Julia Marlowe in "Barbara Fritchie" at the Criterion.

It is a picture that awakens in us all those favorite sensations that moralists call "what is best" in us. Rare is it in these days that a public rudely called "fly"—a public that knows the "ropes" of the playhouse and could publish a list of every actress' husbands and every actor's wives at a moment's notice—finds this sort of attraction.

You can go to see "Barbara Fritchie" and forget everything but the story of the girl of Fritchie that unrolls itself before us. You can drop your programme—a programme that advertises champagne just underneath the east. The noises and the bron-lala of a big city fall from your ears involuntarily. You are not at "the theatre," with its high-lights and glare. You are in the South with a Barbara of whom Whitlitter would nothing.

What a pale, fly-like child she seems as you see her in the Frederick street, on her father's "stoop" with a host of giddy, chatty damsels! But her smile is not wanting. It lights up the chaste, virginal features, and you look around to see if any body else smiles in just that way. No, there is no such smile in your vicinity. It is unique. You watch Barbara as the Union officer, Captain Trumbull, approaches. It is the awakening of maidenhood, of which you have heard so much from the poets. There is a love scene on those steps that is the delectablest thing of the kind ever offered up for cold dollars. It makes you feel sneaky to watch it. You have an irresistible impulse to run away. You seem to be eavesdropping. For a moment a sort of indignation seizes you at the idea of being allowed to witness so perfect a little solitude.

Barbara thinks that he is very handsome—for a Yankee, and she likes him very much—for a Yankee. And when their throats are pledged and the Southern girl tells the Northern man to look at his distant star, so that she can steal a kiss away from him, he is looking that sneaky feeling comes over you again. You dub yourself a sort of Peeping Tom, even though you have been looking at "love scenes" on the stage for a good full decade.

Barbara plays Juliet and Trumbull feigns Romeo in a way that entrances you. And when father appears he does not say "Henceforth you are no daughter of mine!" or "Out into the night!" or "Let me pass, foul mix!" He displays the old

Southern gentleman's patriotic horror of such an alliance. But it is Barbara you are watching all the time. On her face you see all the sensations that an unsophisticated, old-fashioned girl would feel in just such a predicament—a sort of divided duty expressed untheatrically.

And then the scene at the Lutheran minister's house in Hagerstown, where she goes to be wedded—clandestinely. Such an old-fashioned Barbara, in a borrowed bonnet and a silk shawl, if you please, with flowers on it! She is waiting for her lover as no stage "heroine" ever waited. Calm old theatregoer as you are, you bite your lips and hope to goodness that they will be married, although you know that this is impossible, for it would make no play. He is called to arms before the minister arrives, and you have to look at Barbara. The real agony of a girl, the real tears of a virgin, the genuine regret of innocence—all these you see. Luckily the curtain falls, and you rub down some water to meet the lump in your throat.

But in that minister's house you have already seen the vividness of maidenhood. Soldiers station themselves in the room to shoot down the Northerner, and Barbara with a gun wounds one of the men who has designs upon the life of her captain-lover. No melodrama in this—not a bit. You would like to arise and help this helpless Barbara. For the first time you hear the report of a discharged gun that terrifies you. It is not the vibrant, snapping dream noise of the playhouse. You are witnessing a real tragedy.

You are transported in due time to the lovely house of the Fritchiehs, with its massive red-carpeted staircase and its attributes of refinement. You know what is going to happen, and for a moment you had gone to a theatre to see a play, instead of harrowing yourself with such real life. Trumbull is brought in fatally wounded, the words of delirium on his lips, and it is Barbara who receives him. "One chance in a thousand!" he has to live. They get him upstairs, the convulsively restrained grief of the girl forcing itself upon your comprehension. It is not stage moisture that dries her eyes or "make-believe" tears that trickle down her white, drawn face. The Southern rebel at the presence of the wounded Northerner in her house, but Barbara, now a woman, gains her way and wins over her father, more difficultly than she worked to win over you or me.

One chance in a thousand, and that chance lurking in absolute quiet. The rowdy young Negley boy, Barbara's rejected lover, appears. He speaks vociferously. There is the loud insensate

triumph of victory on his lips. He will cost this man from the home! He will show his rights in an unmistakable way. Barbara is distressed, beside herself. There is apparent "acting" in anything she does. A man in the audience drops his opera glasses. You would like to be up and at him, remembering these words, "One chance in a thousand!"

Last act of ail. Poor Trumbull dies in Barbara's little bed—the sounds of martial music outside this pitiful death-room. She indulges in none of the contortions that the average "experienced actress" would call to her aid. For the third time you feel sneaky, and as though you had no right to be there. It is indecent. Why should a mere "dicker" give you a right to witness this sort of thing?

It is in the last scene of "Barbara Fritchie" that you realize it is all a play. The jarring note comes when Barbara is shot on the balcony. Instead of dying quietly and beautifully, as she has lived, she faces the audience, apostrophizes her dead lover, with a calcium light on her face, and—well, you know where you are ten minutes before you need to have done so. There is your programme on your lap; whizz—whizz—you can almost hear the cable cars outside; there is a lady beside you using opera glasses; there is a friend in front whom you had never even noticed until now. It is eleven o'clock, you realize, as you look at your watch. In fact, you come back to real life, and to the knowledge that you are seeing a play—all on account of that wicked little apostrophe and that staid bit of business that mars the perfectly artistic effect of what has gone before.

You feel almost grateful for the interruption. It gives you a sense of relief that you need very badly. It sends you out into the night street prepared for all that you see there. Still I should recommend the elimination of Barbara's words from her death scene. They are too suggestive of the moribund stage lady with whom we are so dolefully familiar. Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author of "Barbara Fritchie," may possibly see this. This play stamps Mr. Fitch in our affections as nothing that he has ever done before has stamped him. It is a delicate, exquisite bit of workmanship almost too fragile for cold criticism. Fitch has moulded it and Miss Marlowe has given it life. Into it she has breathed her own luminous personality. For once, allow me to refrain from speaking individually of the cast. A very good cast, an extremely good cast. But this must mean exclusively with Barbara Fritchie. Managers, actors, supers—avanti!

ALAN DALE.

NOTES ABOUT PROMINENT PERSONS IN THIS COUNTRY AND EUROPE.

Admiral Dewey—In a letter to Chairman Vanderlip, of the Dewey Home Committee, the Admiral yesterday expressed his gratitude to the American people for the gift of a home—in the following letter:

"I acknowledge the receipt this day of the title deeds to the beautiful house presented to me by my countrymen. My heart is full of gratitude to them for this overwhelming expression of their regard for me, and I request that you will also accept and convey to the committee my heartfelt thanks for your and their efforts. Respectfully,
GEORGE DEWEY."

Receiver Robinson—He is walking over the entire length of the Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking Railroad for the purpose of inspecting it. He has reached Bucyrus and expects to finish the walk by the end of the week. He is practically inspecting every stick of timber he controls.

Lord Mayor of Dublin—Accompanied by John Redmond, M. P., he visited Recorder Goff in the Criminal Court building yesterday. The Lord Mayor took a seat on the bench with the Recorder.

Charles H. Brown—The President has appointed him United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York. Mr. Brown was Assistant District Attorney under Emory P. Clegg, whose illness caused his relinquishment of office.

Mrs. Victor Sorohan—Newport generally approves of the selection of this New York woman for the School Committee. From present indications it seems certain that she will be elected unanimously. She is young, beautiful and rich and has spent large sums of money on the Newport schools.

Vice-President of Mexico—Senator Igna-

cio Mariscal and his suite visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art yesterday. He was received by the director, General di Cesnola. The following trustees also welcomed him: William E. Dodge, Salem H. Wales, John S. Kennedy, Darius O. Mills and His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, who is an Honorary Fellow of the Museum. Senator Mariscal displayed great interest in the various collections which General di Cesnola explained to him.

Lieutenant Brumby—Georgia yesterday paid tribute to her ranking hero of the Spanish-American war, Flag Lieutenant Thomas S. Brumby, of the Olympia, by the presentation of a handsome sword in recognition of his noteworthy services at Manila.

Mr. Penntree—The Journal Officielle, of Paris, says that Mr. Penntree, president of the American Chamber of Commerce there, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his active participation in the negotiations of the Franco-American commercial treaty.

Lord Pauncefote—The British Ambassador to the United States took his seat in the House of Lords this afternoon for the first time. He was introduced by Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice, and by Lord James of Hereford, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lady Pauncefote and her daughters were in the Peers' Gallery. Mr. Henry White, secretary of the United States Embassy, and Mr. Charlesmen Tower, the United States Ambassador to Russia, were also present.

Rear-Admiral Schley—A committee representing the Woman's National Industrial and Patriotic League and the Washington Industrial League called on Rear-Admiral Schley in Washington last night and informed him that the

League had decided to undertake the task of procuring by popular subscription a home for him at the national capital. The Admiral thanked the committee and informed them that he left the matter in their hands.

A Compliment for Alan Dale,

Editor of the New York Journal:

What a surprise to the average theatre-goer is the critic. I had a seat directly behind Alan Dale in last evening's performance of "The Singing Girl," and I paid close attention both to the actions on the stage and to the actions of your worthy and able critic. The latter seemed rather to neglect his calling, for at all times he had the air of one who was absorbed in something entirely foreign to the play, and I really thought that this morning's criticism would be a stereotyped professional review of stage action. But I was surprised, indeed, and I confess that Alan Dale is a gay deceiver, for there was not a more sprightly, true account of what happened in any other paper than the report in today's Journal. That listless, dazed-looking gentleman had been getting down to the gray matter of his cranium every little doing, both on the stage and in the audience, and I dare say that after he took his departure from us all sitting there his pen flew. Naturally, we must make allowance for professional critics absorbing things easily, but Alan Dale, in my opinion, goes them all "one better." He stands at the head, and the undersigned envies him for his natural ability in seeing things without seeming to. And, Mr. Editor, tell him to keep on writing, for we all await his original expressions of criticism. Truly yours,

EDWARD M. SANDERSON.

New York, October 24, 1899.